

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Idol

By JANE M'LEAN.

A quaint, squat idol, carved and old,
Cut from a piece of jade,
With eyes that, looking inward, hold
Long thoughts that never fade.

It speaks of dynasties and powers
Now crumbled into dust;
Of ruined minarets and towers,
Of faded joy and trust.

Of mummied figures, thickly bound;
Of scents of Araby,
And ancient time forgot, unbound
Abreast a sapphire sea.

Of winds spice-laden, honey-sweet,
Of blistering desert sands;
Of fringed palms and languid heat,
And far Egyptian lands.

Of rugs barbaric hue and soft,
Of silks in gorgeous strips,
Of skies gemmed thick with stars aloft,
Of songs and scarlet lips.

A squat jade idol, quaint and old,
With jeweled eyes aflame,
Hid in an antique shop, unsold,
Dreaming of whence he came.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris
and
Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 3-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests of the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procurer, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the Ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a bidding denounces him to the man who works, she exercises her power over the girl, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her to is to Blumens, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the man who works. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the boss, and Barclay, Sr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support. Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

Freddie the Ferret had not given warning for the simple reason that Prof. Stilliter had not reached the cave by the trail along which Freddie was cutting his way through the shrubbery trees. He had come up from a different direction, and entered the cave by its other mouth. He had expected to find Tommy and Celestia somewhere in its depths. As we know he had found only Tommy. Having, as he thought, disposed of Tommy, he had now to find Celestia, who was, as he imagined, somewhere near the outer entrance to the cave. And there, just within it, he found her. Tommy's coat about her shoulders. "Come," he said.

"The driver told me to wait for him." "I tell you to come with me. You are no longer to obey the driver. He is a dirty hound."

"She rose with a kind of reluctance. "The driver is a dirty hound," repeated the professor. "Say it yourself." "He is a dirty hound."

"He is dead. Say you are glad." "I am glad."

"You want to come with me." "I want to come with you."

"Up the mountain there is a minister and witness. We are going to be married tonight. I have telegraphed the minister that, your work done, you have gone back to heaven. Soon you will be in heaven. Say that it will be heaven with me."

"It will be heaven with you." "Nothing colder or more automatic than Celestia's voice could be imagined. "Kiss me."

"She kissed him. And as to what has been said of her voice the same may be said of her kiss. And at that moment, it may be said that Prof. Stilliter earned whatever fate might befall him."

Grinning like a snake, his pulses thumping with passion, the Boss took Beauty by the hand and led her to the mountain side toward a little hut that was known to him.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

She Must Save Herself.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am the worried mother of a daughter of 18. She is pretty and in love with a man of 25, who lives off the earnings of his father and a sister. My girl will not allow me to say one word against him. His company is of the lowest and he is dragging her to his level. What shall I do?
B.
Your daughter must be made to realize that she is throwing her life away for an infatuation. If this man loved her he would rise to her level instead of dragging her down. He would protect her reputation at any cost. Don't be shocked—just be her friend—she needs you, and with mother for her confidante, I am sure she will be brave enough to pull her young life back to its level of fineness. A real love waits for her. She must be worthy when it comes. This man is only amusing herself, and is probably laughing at another little "easy mark." You and she must work this out together and win.

Try to Win Their Consent.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and have known a young man for some time. He is a son of a good family. He has told me he loves me and in every way I can see that he means it. Lately he has asked me to marry him. He has met my people, but they don't seem to like him. I love him. Would you advise me to marry him and tell them as well as I can't give him up? He has a good position. TROUBLED.

Your people may come to like this young man when they know him better. He is a little patient. If he has real worth and there is no objection to him that is worth your consideration, your family will surely give their consent to your marriage in time. You are young. Don't do anything rash.

When Fingers Were Forks

The Aquamanille Was the Precursor of the Modern Finger Bowl.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Even finger bowls have a history, or a story of evolution. In that story one can read the progress of good manners in human society. In the middle ages, and in much more ancient times, the precursor of the finger bowl appeared in the form of a kind of ewer, intended for washing the hands and fingers at meals. The forms assumed by these vessels called "aquamanilles," or "aquamaniles," were often grotesque. In ancient days, as Mr. J. Tavernor-Perry reminds us, table knives and forks were virtually unknown, and the fingers were employed for handling and dividing food in a manner that would not be practiced in modern times, even at a picnic. In Europe, from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, the custom prevailed at court and in the baronial castles of washing the hands, at table, both before, and at frequent intervals during a meal.

For this purpose many vessels were kept at hand, and the imagination of the artificers was allowed full play in the fashioning of these vessels. The medieval lord may well have taken pride in his collection of such utensils, and he had to have a considerable supply on hand, because great numbers of guests were accustomed to sit down at the feasts given in his hall.

Servants carried around basins to each guest and poured water over his or her hands from the mouth of some grotesque figure, like those shown. Then a napkin was used to dry the hands. This operation was repeated more or less frequently during the meal, according to the nature of the food consumed. Later on it seems to have become customary to perform the preliminary and the final washing of the hands at the entrance of the dining hall. There servants stood with basins, aquamanilles and napkins.

Mercenary Marriages are Few, Despite Cynics

This Young Man Thinks that the First Thing a Girl Does When Proposed to Is to Ask How Much "He Makes."

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young man, who avers he is of a sentimental nature, complains bitterly about what he calls the commercialization of matrimony.

more of them than the one whose clothes are given her by her husband.

man can support a family or not, instead of waiting till after marriage to find out that he can't.

This young man considers shockingly, and he opines that the reason that so many men don't marry is because they cannot find any of the sweet, old-fashioned maidens who agree with the poet, that love is enough, and who never ask for Bradstreet's blessing on their marriage.

I think this matrimonial cynic, like a good many other cynics, doesn't understand the situation at which he scoffs. In the first place, there were never so few mercenary marriages made as are made today. The woman of the past had to marry for a home and a meal ticket. Also she had to marry to escape dependence and to have any individual place in the world.

If this is what the commercialization of matrimony means, then the commercialization of matrimony means a long-felt want. Let's have more of it.

A Fictionless Fable

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a girl who was very unhappy. Life had hurt her cruelly by showing her the promised land of love and happiness and then taking from her at once the prophet who had led her there, and the knowledge of how to find the path and leaving with her the memory of her one glimpse into all the loveliness that was denied her.

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He and she were smiling into the infinites of another woman. And suddenly the girl who had missed him from her life through two long years, found that she had missed a phantom of her imagination—not a man.

The net result of this was that women shamelessly married, whether they loved or not, because marriage was the only open door to a career and livelihood.

She remembered all she had suffered as a dreadful warning against putting herself in a position where she could again suffer so. She deliberately remembered all she had suffered.

And she got up and hurried back to her home. And in her garden a man was waiting. She had known him for two long years—but she had never seen him before.

Life as a Paying Investment

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Urges All to Follow Her Own Headlight on the Path of Accomplishment.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. If one poor burdened toiler o'er life's road, Who meets us by the way Goes on less conscious of his galling load Then life, indeed, does pay.

A brilliant man, occupying a high position in life, said to a friend: "What does the game of life mean, anyway? What is it for, and does it pay?"

That is all the Creator demands of us, and He demands it of all of us. There is no injustice in the fact that some are given marble and some are given wood; that some must spend their days among vegetables and some among flowers.

Imagine the chaos and confusion which would come if one train tried to leave its track and jump over upon that of another, because that one led into pleasant scenery. Keep to your own track, follow your own headlight, and you will eventually reach the station where you belong.

Life "pays" when we can look back across each year and feel that we have made some progress in the development of character.



125,000 DRUG STORE ITEMS

Of course, we cannot mention them all here, but a list of a few dozen standard articles are given below, with price. This will suggest the wide range of the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. (4 Stores) Stock. Did you ever fail to find what you asked for at our stores?

- SPECIAL FOR SHAVERS**
 - \$1.00 Ever-Ready Razor, Saturday... 69c
 - 50c pkg. Gillette Blades, for... 39c
- Hires' Root Beer, 25c size... 14c
- It makes 5 gallons.
- MR. SMOKER, READ THIS**
 - Watch our Saturday Cigar sales—you will save money by doing so. Prices below for Saturday, August 14:
 - 10c Chancellors, each... 5c
 - 15c Garcia, clear Havana, 3 for... 25c
 - 10c Cubanoids, 4 for... 25c
 - 10c La Marca, straight... 5c

Drugs and Toilet Articles

- 25c Allen's Foot Ease... 14c
- 25c Alcock's Porous Plasters... 12c
- Bromo Seltzer... 30, 17c, 25c, 60c
- Bourgeois Java Rice Powder (genuine)... 25c
- 50c Charles Fish Food... 34c
- 25c Carter's Little Liver Pills... 12c
- 25c Castoria (genuine)... 21c
- 25c Cuticura Soap... 17c
- 50c Carmel Powder... 50c
- 50c Canthrox... 25c
- 15c Cooper's Discovery... 11c
- 50c Don's Kidney Pills... 24c
- 25c DeWitt's Little Early Risers... 19c
- 15c Duffy's Pure Malt... 84c
- 15c Fallow's Syrup... 84c, 11c
- 25c Holmes' Frostilla... 17c
- 15c Gude's Pepto-Mangan... 50c
- 25c Hill's Cascara Quinine... 14c
- Horlick's Malted Milk... 39c, 60c
- 15c Hyonol, complete... 84c
- 25c Hydrox Peroxide Cream... 14c
- Hydrogen Peroxide—
 - 4-oz... 16c
 - 8-oz... 19c
 - 1-lb... 24c
- Hostetter's Bitters... 84c
- 75c Jad Liver Salts... 48c
- 30c Kennedy Lax-Cough Syrup... 14c
- 25c Lyon's Tooth Powder and Paste... 19c
- Listerine... 12c, 15c, 25c, 50c
- 25c Laxative Bromo Quinine... 14c
- 50c La Blanche Powder (4 shades)... 24c
- 50c Lee's Rubbing Laxative... 34c
- Mellin's Food... 35c, 64c
- 50c Malvina Cream... 12c
- 25c Massatta Talcum... 12c
- 25c Mennen's Talcum (4 shades)... 12c
- 50c Mentholatum... 12c, 15c, 25c, 50c
- 25c Mistletoe Cream... 14c
- 50c Pape's Diapiesin... 25c
- 25c Parker's Tar Soap... 14c
- 15c Pinkham's Compound... 64c
- 50c Pebecco Tooth Paste... 34c
- 15c Piers' Favorite Rx... 14c
- 25c Pond's Vanishing Cream... 64c
- 15c Pinaud's L'Ilac Vegetal... 50c
- 50c Pisonni Powder... 34c
- Rogers & Gallat Rice Powder... 17c
- 50c Salsaparilla... 19c, 24c, 34c
- 50c Syrup of Figs... 34c
- 15c S. S. S... 64c
- 50c Sempre Glycerine... 25c
- 50c Scott's Emulsion... 94c
- Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets... 24c
- 25c Santal Flush... 17c
- 25c Tiz, for tender feet... 12c
- 15c Tons Vita... 14c
- 25c 4711 White Rose Soap... 12c
- 25c Woodbury's Facial Soap... 17c
- 15c Wine of Cardui... 25c
- 50c Williams' Pink Pills... 34c

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